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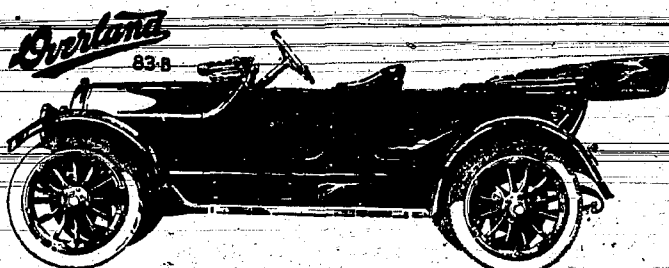
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Agent for Crawford and Northern Roscommon Counties

NEW HOTEL IS
FORMALLY OPENED

A Fine Banquet, Good Program and
Jolly Crowd Grace Occasion.

Prominent Grayling and Bay City Citizens Make
Fine Speeches.

Paramount to the features entering into the celebration of the opening of Shoppenagon's Inn last Thursday was the banquet and program in the evening. It was a problem to handle the crowd but Mine Host Pink was there with the goods. Room was the only thing lacking.

By spreading tables in the dining room and lobby with just enough aisle room for serving enabled them to seat 175 guests. Soon after "six bells" with the members of Bay City Board of Commerce in advance, the company marched from the Grayling Social Club rooms to the hotel, which for the first time opened its doors for service.

Sixty who were unable to find seats were served in the Royal Cafe, next door to the hotel.

Clark's orchestra was playing softly in the ladies' parlor; and as soon as all were seated there was a flurry of young girl waiters, their entrance eliciting a hearty applause. Everything went like clock work and there was little commotion in serving this large gathering. Each table contained bouquets of carnations.

The menu was delicious and consisted of consommé, celery, olives and pickles. Baked white fish with parsley sauce and roast young turkey with cranberry sauce. New green peas, new cream potatoes and head lettuce with thousand island dressing. Ice cream, cake, Rougetort cheese and crackers. Coffee and cigars. Champagne was served with the first course, and the banquet opened with a cheering toast to the new hostelry.

During the banquet, the orchestra played several selections, and J. Fred Alexander, Grayling's popular baritone, sang several pleasing solos. There was an air of merriment throughout the whole evening, and but few escaped being the victim of some song.

Because of the early schedule for the departure of the Bay City train, little time was wasted.

Thorwald W. Hanson, as toastmaster, opened the program by introducing Mayor Hans Petersen, who, in behalf of the people of Grayling, welcomed the visitors in a most cordial and pleasing manner, to "The only town on the map." He told something of the industrial growth of Grayling and of the hope of the future. His talk was brief, but full of earnestness and running over with enthusiasm for his home town.

Mayor F. P. S. Kelton, of Bay City, responded to Mr. Petersen's talk. Among the many things Mayor Kelton stated were that:

"I was particularly glad to be asked to address you at this banquet, and particularly at this time—the opening of this fine new hotel."

"There comes a turning point—a time when the future of a city rests upon a pivotal point—and it depends entirely upon the course taken at this most critical time whether you lift or lower the lever of future development."

"Our Wenonah park in Bay City, which certainly is a beautiful and ideally located park from a civic standpoint, at first thought does not seem so important from a development standpoint; however, Wenonah park was that lifting force on the lever which was a starter of a new prosperity for Bay City."

"You, too, here in Grayling have also passed that critical period, but in a different way, in that your dynamic move for a new future was fostered and made possible through the munificence and public spirit of your foremost citizen, Rasmus Hanson. Mr. Hanson gave to the state of Michigan the magnificent and immense military reserve and thereby gave to Grayling a new prosperity."

"You have always been prosperous in Grayling, but the life of the lumber industry in its present status is limited, nevertheless with the new spirit born of a broader outlook there is no question in my mind but that you will expand far beyond the limits possible in the palmist lumber days."

"There is another citizen of Grayling whom I hoped might be here on this most auspicious occasion but whose sickness detains—that is Mr. Nels Michelson. However, his well-wishes are with us who are here assembled to celebrate—the beginning of a new business era for Grayling." After an interesting and inspiring

outline of the progress being made by Bay City, Mr. Kelton closed his remarks by saying: "Let Bay City and Grayling line up here today for the advancement of our mutual interests."

Mr. O. B. Sovereign, president of the Bay City Board of Commerce, alluded to Grayling as a miniature Bay City. He said that Grayling was founded on lumber, and that Mr. Hanson and Mr. Michelson, who had made their money here, were staying right here to spend it and to help to continue the prosperity of Grayling.

He paid a high compliment to the enterprise that had made possible the fine new hotel. The new school building came in for a fine share of favorable comment, so richly deserved, and the speaker assured his auditors that Bay City would before long have even a better one. He told of the struggles of their past and how for the first time in two years they had made things hum in that town and strongly urged the cooperation of our two cities in helping to make northeastern Michigan the best territory in Michigan.

Grayling, the subject of the next talk, by Mr. Nels Michelson, was touched with Grayling history, from the days of the first hotel, general store with a few groceries and a post office, to the present. The streets were paved with saw dust and a new pavement was put down every year. Soon saw dust found a more useful purpose and gravel was used, and the speaker predicted that the time was not far distant when a good block of pavement would be placed at least upon the main streets.

He told of the first log school house, with its dozen pupils, and how it had been replaced by a larger and better building until today we occupy a structure that exceeds in size, equipment and conditions the wildest dream of the most fanatical educator of the early days. Education and religion go hand-in-hand, and we welcome the influence they bring to our people—direct and indirect. He told of the Mercy hospital with its modern medical and surgical equipment and skilled physicians and staff of nurses.

He told of the commercial importance of our city—the immense output of lumber, flooring, dowels and the like; a high class green house; which, all tend to make us prosperous, contented and happy. Our fish hatchery and military reservation tend to give us a state-wide reputation, and it is up to us as citizens to maintain that reputation in such a manner as not to cause us to be ashamed.

Speaking of our Board of Trade, he said it is yet in its infancy, but that it is a lively youngster and has demonstrated the necessity for its existence and the possibilities that lie before it. He told of the resources of Crawford county, its agricultural possibilities and of our lakes and streams. "The Grayling Board of Trade must be a factor in the development of this territory," it must not only labor to uphold our city officials in the discharge of their duties, but must seek to improve our laws, to the end that civic improvement and conditions may be of such a nature as to challenge the admiration of all.

W. F. Jennison, second vice-president of the Bay City Board of Commerce, said in his address on reciprocity, that the subject was a tremendous one. He told of his visit here 16 years ago and of the hospitality that had been accorded him at that time and at many times since and had often wondered what Bay City had ever done in return except "Good goods at the right prices."

When on his first visit as a traveling salesman, many years ago, he met failure in every town along the Michigan Central until he reached Grayling, when R. Hanson gave him an order for a pair of band saws. He spoke of Grayling being the most beautiful small city along their travels.

When Toastmaster T. Hanson introduced Rasmus S. Babitt, he said that he had been one of the earliest of Shoppenagon's friends, and referred to him as the best game warden in the state of Michigan, or of any

STATE GUARD TO
ENCAMP JULY 27th.

MILITARY BOARD ANNOUNCES
DATES OF OUTING.

Plan Contingent on Peace; Machine Gun Companies May Drill in South.

Provided they are not "some place in Mexico," or on the way to Europe, or defending one of our sea coasts against invaders, the Infantrymen of the Michigan National Guard will encamp at Grayling, from July 27 to August 5, next.

The official announcement of the military board follows:

"Pending advice from the war department as to the establishment of camps of instruction for the various arms of the services of the Michigan National Guard, the state military board has tentatively advised an encampment at the Hanson military reservation at Grayling, July 27 to August 5, next. The infantry will probably be camped there at the time, except its machine gun companies."

The exemption of the machine gun companies is made because several months ago it was understood that the war department intended sending them to Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.

The arrangements for the cavalry and artillery, which are to be made by the war department, are like those for the machine guns, but tentative. It is generally supposed, however, that the artillery, following the usual custom, will go to Sparta, Wis., while the cavalry is thought to be ticketed for Fort Sheridan.

The sanitary train will likely be sent to Sparta along with the artillery.

Free Press.

other old state, and those who know Mr. Babitt heartily acquiesced. Mr. Babitt gave a character sketch of Shoppenagon, characterizing a visit of the old aborigine to the hotel which bears his name. The sketch brought to many of our well known citizens. This was so good that we want our readers to get the whole of it, therefore will publish the article in our next issue.

C. T. Clark, general manager of the Bay City and Grayling plants of E. I. duPont de Nemours & Co., gave a most inspiring talk on "Du Pont." The toastmaster said that he was known in Bay City as "Porcupine Clark," but that here in Grayling, he gave him a more dignified name—"Duke de Alcohol du Pont Clark." Mr. Clark is very much a favorite in both Bay City and Grayling.

He opened his remarks by saying: "There is no country like America. No matter what is going on in other countries, I'm for America." He said that "there is no city like Bay City. It has its faults, but has many virtues. The Bay City business men's team can match any team on earth."

The du Ponts started in the powder business when John Adams was president and were personal friends of Thomas Jefferson. They furnished powder for the government during the second war with England, and the powder used during the naval battle in Lake Erie made memorable by the immortal words of Commodore Perry when he said, "We have met the enemy and they are ours." The du Ponts are ardent unionists. They supplied the government with powder during the civil and Spanish wars, and in the face of the tremendous demands, reduced the price of their products.

Mr. Clark referred to the fact that the du Ponts had shipped no powder into Mexico—"not one ounce." He told many interesting things about this well known firm.

They had long had an eye on Grayling because of its resources for raw material—wood, and Mr. Clark explained how his firm had finally located here. He said that there was a probability of enlarging the Bay City and Grayling plants, and they would spend much money here. That the Grayling plant would eventually triple in size, he firmly believed. Of course, this was good news to Bay City as well as to our people, and as he stated, will be of benefit to the whole northern Michigan. His talk was inspiring, and every person who heard him was justified in swelling up with pride.

Judge W. D. Gordon was not listed on the program, but at this time he responded to the invitation of the toastmaster by a brief talk. The judge talked in a semi-humorous vein—and provoked some hearty laughs. He picked a few of the other Bay City speakers for not explaining that the upward trend of prosperity had begun with the time that he made his advent there as a resident, and told Mayor Kelton that he was following his example by painting his house red and therefore would soon be mayor. Judge Gordon is a past-master in the art of speech

Emil Kraus

GRAYLING'S LEADING DRY GOODS STORE

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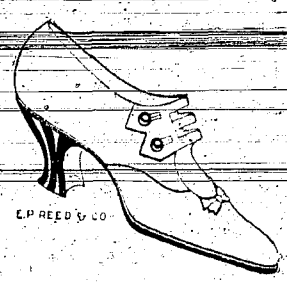
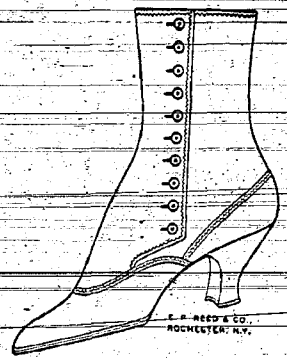
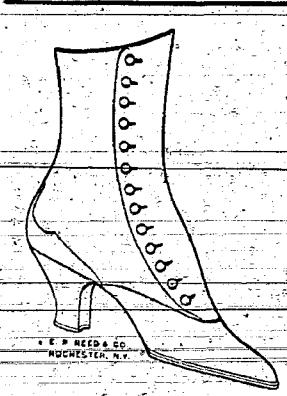
We invite every citizen to see our new arrivals in Shoes for spring and summer wear—for men, women and children

We especially invite YOU to come in and see them

Made up with those graceful curves that proclaim beauty and comfort

Walk-Over Shoes for men

Whether you are in a store, an office, a shop, the home, or on the farm, we can fit you to perfection in any kind of shoe you desire. We have a large stock from which to make your selection. Our prices will appeal to you



and could he have been accorded more time on the program, no doubt would have given us some pretty solid things to think about.

And by the way, we note with pleasure that he has announced himself a candidate for lieutenant governor. He would make a coveted running mate with such as Wash. Ingraham, Gardner, Frank B. Leland or any other good candidate.

When it came time for Mr. H. E. Buck's talk on "Reminiscence," it seemed that the category of sayings fit for this most happy occasion had been exhausted, but that polished orator drove in a few more nails that further clinched the friendly relations that so firmly held together the men of affairs of his city and those of our city.

Mr. Buck is first vice-president of the Bay City Board of Commerce. He first told of Shoppenagon and said that he was a man who was a credit to Grayling to name this fine hotel after him. "Shop," as he was commonly called, "was a Christian gentleman." "As a fishing guide" for Mr. Buck, these two men had become well acquainted.

Speaking of Mr. Clark, he said he was an ardent worker for the du Pont company, Bay City and Grayling. He alluded to Mr. R. Hanson in his career as chore boy and grubber to captain of industry. He painted the Au Sable as a beautiful stream, and a priceless gift to the people of Grayling with its wonderful water power possibilities.

He referred to the work of their former president, Mr. Galbraith, and the present incumbent, Mr. Sovereign, as a modest and earnest worker, and extended to Grayling for the people of Bay City the right hand of fellowship.

Those present from Bay City wouldn't have been satisfied, nor would we of Grayling, without a talk from Rasmus Hanson, who had been seated at the speakers' table, therefore Secretary McCabe, of Bay City, alluding to Mr. Hanson as the "Grand Young Man of Grayling," called that gentleman to his feet. He was greeted with a song and a

cheer and said that the new hotel was now officially dedicated and would be opened for business Saturday night and that they now wanted business, and in return would give service. He spoke of his co-partner, Mr. Nels Michelson, who was unable to be present, and also of the late E. B. Salling and the members of the Salling, Hanson company, and declared that they should equally share the honors of the occasion.

"The people of Grayling are in harmony in promoting the interests of Grayling. The strength of our town lies in the men ready to work for the community."

Commercial Associations stand for the co-operative promotion of their mutual interests and protect themselves against ruinous competition in dealings with the public, and they represent different localities in the distribution and exchange of commodities produced by labor.

It is said that competition is the life of trade. This is a measure is true to only a reasonable extent. It is carried to a point where the active competition is brought down to a point where the commodity is selling below the cost of production, only one thing can be the result, and that is ruination of the commodities of labor which are being sold below cost, and this always reverts back to the source from whence it came, which is labor. Of course, co-operation should not be carried to the extent of centralization, or in other words, to the point where we lose our individual personality and become a commercial wheel within a wheel directed by an uncrowned head. This will work out disaster to the common army behind which is labor.

You and I as captains of industry are only the agents of labor, and as such must do justice to the interests which we represent, and protect the locality where we live. Our duties as captains of associations should be to cultivate friendship between

(Continued on last page.)

Lime and Sulphur spraying compounds for sale. Now is the time to spray.
A. M. Lewis.

WAYNE COUNTY WILL BE THE GOAT

RAISE OF VALUES WILL MAKE
THE COUNTY PAY HALF THE
STATE TAXES.

ABNORMAL CONDITIONS CAUSE

Will the Equalization Board Give the
Case Fair Consideration? De-
troiters Are Alarmed.

Detroit—The valuation of Wayne county, now being ascertained by the state board of assessors, based on highly inflated value due to frenzied real estate speculation and huge production increases, attributed directly and indirectly to war orders, will force Detroit and Wayne county to pay half the taxes of the state, unless the board of equalization can be convinced that the final Wayne county valuation is inflated and does not represent normal increase.

The question, which is beginning to alarm business men, is that the valuation eventually determined by the equalization board must stand for three years and if the war should suddenly cease, putting an end to the volume of business transacted to war orders or the boom in real estate should slump the burden would fall on the small taxpayer.

Two years ago Wayne county was assessed at \$928,728,000, equalized to \$77,000,000 in round numbers, and the state was assessed at \$3,224,000,000, equalized to \$2,068,000,000 so that Detroit was paying approximately 25 per cent of the state's taxes.

The present situation is peculiar in that nearly all the rest of the state has already been valued by the state board, during normal conditions, and although all counties reported on show a normal and fair increase it is feared the boost given Wayne county will be far greater proportionately, on account of the unprecedented prosperity of the city—a great deal of which is due to abnormal increase in value of industrial products shown on books of many of the city's largest industries.

Students of conditions declare that an accurate normal increase for Wayne county should be approximately \$200,000,000, or a total valuation of about \$900,000,000. The board of Commerce has been working on the taxation problem for weeks. They have tabulated startling statistics revealing enormous individual increases of products caused by the war demand. One factory alone, the committee conducting the work declares, making war munitions, will be given a value five times its value two years ago. It is shown that scores of companies are affected by the war directly or indirectly. Companies manufacturing metals and alloys, for example, have contracted orders for six and eight months delivery, the cost of the materials for which will exceed the price of the finished product today.

The indirect effect of the war on Detroit and Wayne county industries is seen principally in the enormous increase in cost of raw materials and consequent boost in price to the consumer.

During the past six months structural steel has to be ordered months in advance for delivery at greatly increased prices.

All metals have gone to record heights and most of the raw materials used in Detroit manufacture have followed suit.

LANSING BATTERY PASSES

The Examination Was the Same As That Given to Regular Army.

Lansing—The notification from war department that Battery A, First Field artillery of this city, had qualified under the new rules and regulations of the department and had been placed upon the list of batteries in the militia service, which are to be taken on the same basis as the regular field batteries, is considered a distinct victory for the Michigan National Guard.

The rules were that each officer must qualify and that in addition 10 of the men must pass the inspector's examination. The Lansing battery not only had all of its officers qualify, one of them as an expert, but had 24 of its men pass the examinations.

The examination was the same as that given in the regular army, although not nearly so long a time was given the militia for preparation.

MICHIGAN NEWS ITEMS

The United States senate has confirmed the appointment of Samuel Fols as postmaster of Kalamazoo.

Michael Parks was killed in an explosion in the chemical plant of the Saginaw Plate Glass Co. Two other employees were slightly burned in an attempt to rescue Parks. The cause of the explosion is unknown.

Striking a heavy cake of ice the steamer Prentiss, owned by the McLouth Co., of Marine City, filled rapidly and sank just off Russell Island, north of Algonac. The vessel is in 14 feet of water, with her decks showing.

A week's series of tuberculosis clinics under direction of Dr. W. H. De Kloeine, in charge of the state board of health tuberculosis survey of Michigan, closed at Muskegon. It is expected more than 400 persons in this county will have undergone free examinations for tuberculosis.

MICHIGAN NEWS BRIEFS

The scarlet fever epidemic has forced the East Lansing schools to close. Professors D. B. Yates and F. G. Walde, of Hope college, have resigned.

Since the 1st of January about 40 cars of horses have been shipped from Bad Axe to the European war.

The University of Michigan faculty senate has set June 29 for the memorial service for the late James B. Angell.

The appointment of Everett S. Syckman as postmaster at South Haven has been confirmed by the United States senate.

W. Foreman, 71, pioneer resident of Rutland, in which he lived 70 years, is dead, of tropical fever, contracted last winter in Florida.

Bernard Smith and Harry Randall of Detroit paid fines of \$8.70 each for driving motor cars through Ypsilanti without 1916 licenses.

James Riley, foreman at Marshall Furnace Co., is father of three different sets of triplets who reside with his wife at Hamilton, Ont.

An industrial club was organized at Coldwater, when 1,000 citizens raised \$20,295 in one hour to interest factories in locating here.

Officers and members of Flint's newly organized Women's council have offered their services to aid in carrying on a cleanup week.

Both copper and coal production broke records in Michigan in 1915, according to reports published by the United States geological survey.

Thirteen-year-old Peter Vanreenan of Kalamazoo is worth \$200. The boy found a roll of bills in the street, and so far no one has claimed the money.

Mrs. Marie Camillo was "grandma" to everybody in Muskegon and her death was an occasion of deep lament to the entire city. She was 91 years old.

Ed S. Long, a deputy game warden of Algonac, the boyan county, is in a serious condition as a result of a spectacular fight in a boat with an unknown fugitive.

June Smith, a farmer near North Oxford, was seriously injured when the tongue of a landroller broke, allowing the roller, loaded with stones, to topple over.

Richard Mason of Appleton was critically injured when his lamp turned a corner suddenly, throwing him from his standing position under the wheels of his wagon.

Following the denial of the motion for a new trial by Judge Law, Albert Cusino, convicted of perjury, was sentenced to prison for six years.

Because of the large numbers of aliens who have applied for citizenship papers in Detroit during the last few months, the naturalization bureau has opened a permanent office there.

The 1st Michigan Volunteer infantry will hold its annual reunion in Ypsilanti May 17. Local members of the regiment, whose major was General P. K. Kirt, are making plans for elaborate entertainment.

The report of 20 cases of smallpox in York township, Washtenaw county, caused a flurry in the office of the state board of health and inspectors were immediately sent to see what had caused the epidemic.

Henry McMorran, former congressman who owns a ferry line between this city and Sarnia, holds a certificate from the federal government as an "alcoholized lifeboat man."

McMorran was aboard his boat when the inspectors held a drill to test the crew.

The total number of licenses granted in Detroit last year was 1,377. Fifteen submers were located in the territory annexed last November, bringing the total number of bars in the city up to 1,388. The elimination of 17 brings this year's total down to 1,371.

Willard Hines, son of M. J. Hines, three rivers, has received notice of his appointment to West Point. He graduated here in 1914 and has been in the state university since.

He will go to West Point June 15. His appointment came through Congressman Hamilton.

According to the monthly report issued by State Treasurer Hazen, there was a balance of \$7,337,017.76 in the treasury when the vaults were opened May 1. The general fund, available for immediate use, contained \$3,664,735.54, while the primary school interest fund contained \$3,593,832.63.

During April the treasury receipts amounted to \$3,181,563.21, while the disbursements totaled \$20,791.31.

Millionaire E. K. Warren, of Three Oaks, has made arrangements with the government to get his herd of 500 cattle out of Mexico. The ranch has been raided many times by bandits and his losses from theft have been exceedingly heavy. He has just been successful in getting permission from the government to take down a fence along the border in order to let his stock cross the line.

An Albion Rifle club is being formed among the younger men of Albion. The organization will be affiliated with the National Rifle association and a local range will be established.

The proposed \$80,000 new high school can be built in Hastings as a result of the decision of the supreme court. Citizens objected to the erection of the building on the park site and began litigation which has lasted ten months. Increasing price of materials during that time makes the cost of erection \$15,000 greater.

After receiving a sound thrashing at the hands of his captors, Rex Spaulding of Flint admitted in court that he was a "Peeping Tom" and was sentenced to serve 30 days in the county jail.

LETTER FROM STATE CAPITOL

WHO FIRST ASSORTED LUMBER?
MR. MCGILLIVRAY TELLS A
FORESTRAL CLASS OF IT.

LARGE SUM FROM AUTO TAXES

All the Latest Political Dope. Facts
and Fancies Gathered From State
House Politicians.

[By Gurd M. Hayes.]

Lansing—Reciting the history of lumber-grading to the Michigan Agricultural College forestry class, J. H. McGillivray of the game, fish and forest fire department said: "It is likely that Noah sorted his lumber for constructing the ark, that Solomon segregated his Lebanon cedar for the building of the temple, and that both knew that ten-dollar culls would make as good a corn crib as sixty-dollar select."

The first distinctions in grading from a trade consideration of which we have definite knowledge, however, came to us from Stockholm, Sweden, about 1770.

Evolution in Maine and lower Canada brought the grades to the Saginaw valley about 1860—as good, fine, common, common—shipping class, and culls.

Present standard divisions are: Clear, First, second and third; Smelt, A-select, B-select, C-select, D-select; factory, A-select, B-select, C-select, No. 1 shop, No. 2 shop, No. 3 shop and "inch" shop; common; D-shop; No. 1, No. 2 and No. 3; culls; No. 4, No. 5, No. 6, of down grades of common.

These are the wholesale terms on the Great Lakes docks. They are the fundamental basis of all lumber grading on both hard and soft woods. When the Lansing, Detroit, Buffalo or Chicago dealer buys from the northern mill, these grades are recognized.

But almost every city and district have local deviations from these grades. What would only be a No. 2 common in Lansing might pass as No. 1 common in some places more remote from the initial market.

Siding, ceiling, flooring, shipyard, not to mention the lumbermen's lot to believe, they are simply forms of milling which may be of any quality of sound lumber.

Fifty years ago in Michigan lumber went in to the mill burners as waste that is now bringing \$20 per thousand feet in the eastern markets. There is opportunity for conservation of lumber in its proper utilization.

When grades are mixed in exterior work such as siding, the presence of the better grades serve only to accentuate the defects in the poorer boards. Thus the whole wall shows to a greater disadvantage than if it were all low grade.

Builders and users of lumber, even the federal government, have talked much of a lumber trust. There is no such thing in a continental way. Local combinations are possible of course and doubtless some exist.

Raises a Large Sum.
If the supreme court upholds the constitutionality of the new automobile tax law, Secretary of State Vaughan will cut a million in the form of a tax dividend of \$1,000,000, which will be divided among the counties and the state according to the number of machines credited to them on the state's books.

Already Secretary of State Vaughan has collected under the terms of the new automobile tax law approximately \$850,000. If the law is declared valid by the supreme court, half of this money will be placed to the credit of the state highway department for the construction of trucking highways.

The remaining fifty per cent will be divided among the counties and the money can only be used for the construction and maintenance of highways.

When an automobile owner pays his license fee to the secretary of state, fifty per cent of the amount of the fee is credited to the county in which the machine is owned and the rest is credited to the state highway department.

Since the first of the year the state department has issued approximately 76,000 licenses and has collected nearly \$550,000. Before the constitutionality of the law was attacked in Wayne county, it was planned to make the first distribution to the counties April 1, but when the matter got into the courts.

Auditor General Fuller and Secretary of State Vaughan decided to withhold payments to the counties until the constitutionality of the law had been affirmed.

When the law was attacked in the Wayne circuit the judges rendered an opinion to the effect that it was valid. An appeal was taken to the supreme court where the case was argued several weeks ago. State officials are hoping that the court will give the case early consideration.

Primary Vote Results.
Henry Ford's majority over United States Senator William Alden Smith in the republican presidential primary held in Michigan April 3 was 5,185, according to the official figures given out by the board of state canvassers.

The three candidates whose names appeared on the republican ballot polled 175,294 votes, of which Henry Ford received 83,087, William Alden Smith 72,000 and Charles F. Smith 20,207.

President Kedzie Honored.
President Frank S. Kedzie, of the Michigan Agricultural college, was the guest of honor at a banquet attended by 150 local business men at the Downey Home Saturday night. The new head of the state institution is the first local man to hold the position.

In addition to the tributes paid the new president, the local men lauded the generosity of R. E. Olds in giving the state college \$100,000 to replace the burned engineering equipment.

Robert Graham, of the state board of education, expressed the appreciation of the governing powers of the institution.

J. Edward Rowe, of Lansing, presided, and introduced J. B. Barry, of New York city, former state insurance commissioner and local resident.

The speaker, a life-long friend of President Kedzie, commended the services of the latter. There were several other speakers.

THINK BERNSTORFF BACK OF TELEGRAMS

WISCONSIN SENATOR TURNS EVI-
DENCE OVER TO STATE
DEPARTMENTS.

ROBERT EMMETT CLUB DOINGS

Many Irishmen Would Like to Know
Who Signed Their Names to
Telegrams.

Washington—Pointing out that the same organization which on 48 hours' notice caused such a flood of telegrams to members of congress could be used for any other purposes which German interests in this country might desire, Senator Paul O. Hastings, of Wisconsin, has laid evidence before the department of justice and the state department which he thinks warrants an investigation.

Senator Hastings will discuss this question with President Wilson. The senator believes German propaganda in this country should be "soothed once for all, and with no mollifying conditions."

"I think the administration ought to take a firm stand on this propaganda question," declared Mr. Hastings. "The time is now ripe for it. Patience has been exhausted."

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There remains, however, the mystery of who forged the names of many prominent Detroiters, among them Ben Siegel and three county auditors, and the time connection between the German and Irish telegraphic attacks on congress.

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It was learned, however, that a member of the Robert Emmett club had received an appeal from the Embassy conference, asking that he and his friends appeal to their representatives in congress.

Arthur O'Leary, a member of the Robert Emmett club, said that the secretary of the club had sent messages over signatures taken from the membership list of the organization.

THREE MILLION WORTH DAILY
That is the Amount That the Allies Pay U. S. for Explosive Shells.

Washington—Europe's purchasers of war materials in the United States totaled \$320,000,000 at the end of the first 20 months of war. Figures assembled in the bureau of foreign and domestic commerce show the heaviest month was March, last, when more than \$50,000,000 worth of munitions left American ports. April totals have not been compiled. Shipments of high explosive shells and shrapnel are crossing the Atlantic now at the rate of \$3,000,000 worth daily and vessels are carrying half a million dollars' worth of powder a day. Firearms and cartridges valued at more than \$5,000,000 went to Europe during March.

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THINK BERNSTORFF BACK OF TELEGRAMS

WISCONSIN SENATOR TURNS EVI-
DENCE OVER TO STATE
DEPARTMENTS.

ROBERT EMMETT CLUB DOINGS

Many Irishmen Would Like to Know
Who Signed Their Names to
Telegrams.

Washington—Pointing out that the same organization which on 48 hours' notice caused such a flood of telegrams to members of congress could be used for any other purposes which German interests in this country might desire, Senator Paul O. Hastings, of Wisconsin, has laid evidence before the department of justice and the state department which he thinks warrants an investigation.

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LANSING NOTES

Good Roads Money.
According to a ruling by Attorney General Feltows a good roads district may not turn over to the townships in such district money raised by taxation for district road purposes, nor shall it pay a reward for highway improvement by such townships. It is also the opinion of the attorney general that work on highways calling for the expenditure of more than \$500 should be advertised and that township boards should not decide to let the work by day labor until bids have been received and considered. He also says that county road commissioners appointed by boards of supervisors shall take office January 1, following their appointment.

THE GRANGE FAVORS BUDGET.

The executive committee of the state grange went on record in favor of a budget system of accounts for the state of Michigan and the next legislature will be urged to pass a bill providing for a budget system. The Torrens system of land transfers will also receive the attention of the state grange during the next legislature. Petitions will be presented to the legislature favoring the passage of the Torrens bill and if the legislature refuses to pass the bill it will be submitted to a vote of the people at the next election.

Action has been taken regarding a tonnage tax but some of the members of the executive committee expressed the opinion that the tonnage tax bill would not be considered.

As a result of excessive rains, the Menominee river has risen several feet and flooded considerable territory.

GRAY HAIR BECOMES DARK AND BEAUTIFUL

Try Grandmother's Old Favorite
Recipe of Sage Tea and
Sulphur.

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome.

Nowadays we simply ask at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound." You will get a large bottle of this old time restorative for the hair, which contains all the ingredients for about 60 cents. Everybody uses this preparation now, because no one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, thick and glossy and you look years younger. Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound is a safe and reliable preparation. It is intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

RUB-BACKACHE AND LUMBAGO RIGHT OUT

Rub Pain and Stiffness away with
a small bottle of old honest
"St. Jacobs Oil"

When your back is sore and lame or lumbago, sciatica or rheumatism has you stiffened up, don't suffer! Get a 25 cent bottle of old, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" at any drug store, pour a little on your hand and rub it into the pain or ache, and you will find the soreness and lameness is gone.

Don't stay crippled! This soothing, penetrating oil needs to be used only once. It takes the ache and pain right out of your back and ends the misery. It is medicinal, yet absolutely harmless and doesn't turn the skin lumpy or red. Nothing else does lumbago, sciatica or lame back misery so promptly!

PUT CREAM IN NOSE AND STOP CATARRH

Tells How To Open Clogged Nostrils and End Head-Colds.

You feel fine in a few moments. Your cold in head or catarrh will be gone. Your clogged nostrils will open. The air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more dullness, headache, no yawning, sniffling, mucous discharges or dryness; no struggling for breath at night.

Tell your druggist you want a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm. It's a little of this fragrant, antiseptic cream in your nostrils. Let it penetrate through every air passage of the head; soothe and heal the swollen, inflamed mucous membrane, and relief comes instantly. It is just what every cold and catarrh sufferer needs. Don't stay stuffed-up and miserable.

A POSTAL CARD

TO THE
Discriminating
PUBLIC

Hotel Griswold DETROIT

Cor. Grand River and Griswold Sts.

Welcomes you to its newly decorated rooms, new lobby, new Silver Room, new appointments throughout and

NEW RATES

Rooms formerly \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00
Now \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50
Absolutely the most homelike hostelry in Detroit.
Best noonday lunch in the city 50c. Excellent cooking.
Perfect Service, Reasonable Rates, Cabaret entertainment,
Dancing.

In the heart of the shopping district.

Sincerely
Your Postal

Wm. H. MOSHIER

SUCCESSOR TO

MOSHIER & BABBITT

FLOUR, FEED
and HAY

I am dealing exclusively in these products and give the business personal attention, therefore can guarantee quality, service and low prices.

Telephone your orders, No. 423.
Goods delivered promptly.

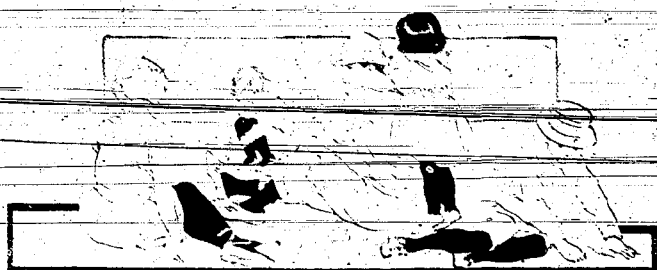
Spring
Hardware

Anything
on earth
you want
and at a
price to
please even you



SALLING, HANSON CO.

Hardware Department



All Wear Foot Rest Hosiery

Happy is the family that wears Foot Rest hosiery. Father is pleased because the family saves money, mother is happy because she doesn't have to mend, the children are happy because they can romp around all they want to without being afraid of wearing holes in their stockings. Buy Foot Rest hosiery for your family. Save money and be happy.

FOOT REST HOSE

For Children, 10c, 15c, 20c For Men, 25c, 30c, 35c
For Women, 10c, 15c, 20c, 25c, 30c

J. A. HOLLIDAY

5, 10 and 25c Store Gravling, Mich.

FOR THE HOME

Remember those at home with a

Boquet of Carnations

We have them in White, Red and Pink. Also have some beautiful White Lillies and Cut Flowers.

Grayling Greenhouses

Open from 8:00 to 6:00.
Sundays and holidays until 9:30 a. m.
Positively no delivery after that time.

Crawford Avalanche

O. P. Schumann, Editor and Proprietor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
One Year.....\$1.50
Six Months......75
Three Months......40

Entered as second-class matter at Postoffice at Grayling, Mich., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

GRAYLING, THURSDAY, MAY 4

Eldorado Nuggets.
Mr. and Mrs. Ira Robinson, and Mrs. Robinson's brother, George Hickey, were calling on old friends, Saturday and Sunday.

James Williams, highway commissioner, has completed repairs on the Chase bridge, and now pronounces it fit for crossing, by the public.

Every one seems to have had a very nice time at the party given Saturday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Hoagland, who recently purchased the Cochran farm.

Robert Jackson, a boy well known here, recently enlisted in the United States Army at Columbus, Ohio, for service in Mexico.

John M. Smith of Coy spent a few days this week repairing fences and looking after his orchard on his farm at this place.

Elmer Head and family drove up in their new Ford and spent Sunday with his sister, Mrs. James Williams. They were accompanied by Harry Williams and Miss Lizzie Krane.

Fred Brooks spent the latter part of last week in Mio, writing on teachers' examination.

Mr. and Mrs. William Deeter of Luperne spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. George Hartman. In the afternoon they called at William Knight's.

Charles Cook, who was called to Alger, Tuesday by the death of his brother, George M. Cook, returned Wednesday evening.

The saw mill at the Wehnes job is now in active operation. At least the whistle is.

Mrs. William Elliott is recovering from injuries sustained in her fall, but Mr. Elliott's hand does not seem to improve very fast.

Mrs. Wald B. Kellogg visited Mrs. William Knight Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. Elmer Head returned from West Branch Saturday night, where she has been for medical attendance.

Mrs. Sidney Hodges came from Flint Saturday for a short visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Noyce.

Miss Lillian Knight, teacher of the school, is now attending with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Scott instead of at home.

There is one expecting a fine babe at the box seat at the local school house next Saturday evening.

James H. Clark has a good stock of new suits, coats, hats, shoes, and gloves.

Mrs. Joseph Scott's family are now occupying their new house.

Riverview.
M. McLeod of Grayling was a visitor here this week.

Mrs. E. A. Tarnum of Detroit was at Bushwood Lodge a few days this week.

Miss Vivian Brown returned from Manistee Saturday.

Mr. Gifford and Mr. Nay was in town on business from Monday until Friday.

Two farmers from Manistee were here this week.

Mrs. H. H. Brown was called to the hospital by the illness of her father.

Three on the sick list are Edna Loper, Margaret Hart, and Iva Richardson, and Jay Decker.

Mrs. H. W. Brown, called to Grayling by the illness of her husband.

We have a number of children's hats, shoes, and gloves.

Miss Miriam O'Neill, and Miss Mabel O'Neill, called on Miss Hopper Saturday.

S. G. Holloway of Detroit was a visitor at the "Home" home this week.

Harry Grover, who has been ill, was taken to Mercy hospital last Monday.

Grant and Wayne Thompson of Grayling were Sunday visitors at Riverview.

Mr. and Mrs. Newman returned from Grand Rapids, where they have been visiting.

Miss Dora and Jim Stephenson were united in holy matrimony Saturday.

Angus, Jim, and John. They will be at home to their friends after May 1st, at Hungry Run. Congratulations.

A Symbol of Health.
The Pythagoreans of Ancient Greece ate simple food, practiced temperance and purity. As a badge they used the five pointed star which they regarded as a symbol of health. A fed five pointed star appears on each package of Chamberlain's Tablets, and each package is printed with the following words: "If you are troubled with indigestion, biliousness or constipation, take Chamberlain's Tablets from your druggist. You will be surprised at the quick relief which they afford—obtainable everywhere."

PROBATE NOTICE.
The Probate Court for the County of Crawford, Michigan, held at a session of said court, held at the probate office in the village of Grayling, in said county, on the 1st day of May A. D. 1916.

Present, J. Wellington Batterson, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Henry Seiwel, deceased.

Emma Seiwel, widow of said deceased, having filed in said court her petition, praying that said court adjudge and determine who were all the persons entitled to the real estate, said deceased and entitled to inherit the real estate of which said deceased died seized.

It is ordered, that the 20th day of May A. D. 1916, at ten o'clock a. m. at said probate office, is hereby appointed for hearing said petition.

It is further ordered, that public notice thereof be given, by publication of a copy hereof for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the CRAWFORD AVALANCHE, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

Witness my hand and seal of said court, this 1st day of May A. D. 1916.

J. WELLINGTON BATTERSON, Judge of Probate.

Lovells.

The North Branch Outing club opened with a number of 24 guests registered. Altho the weather was very disagreeable a catch of 388 trout was made.

A good number of guests are registered at the Underhill club and report excellent fishing.

F. Underhill has purchased a six cylinder Apperson. H. Jones will drive for him for a while.

Work on the Nash cottage is progressing rapidly. A number of carpenters have arrived from Traverse City and Flint.

Robert Pappentus received a telegram announcing the death of his mother in Ohio, April 20th. Mr. Pappentus left the next day to attend the funeral. He returned to Lovells Tuesday accompanied by his sister, Mrs. George Hanna, who was with her mother a few weeks before she died.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Michelson of Mason are enjoying the trout fishing and are the guests of the North Branch Outing club.

Pearl Swain is visiting her brother Archie Swain and family for a few days. She will return to Flint this week.

John Largent, Jr. is the new assistant at T. B. Douglas' store.

Mrs. Ross and Miss Margaret Foley will assist at the North Branch Outing club, during the fishing season.

Mrs. T. W. Hanson, Mrs. O. Michelson and Mrs. J. T. Lamb of Grayling were guests of Mrs. Hanna, Tuesday.

Russell Caid spent a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Caid of Lovells.

Mrs. R. Douglas went to Grayling Tuesday, where she will visit the Ferguson family for her thirtieth birthday.

A. F. H. Morley has opened his lodge for the coming season.

C. W. Knott of Saginaw opened his cabin with a party of six.

Chas. Bachman of Detroit arrived here Tuesday to open their cottage. His wife and daughter will drive thru in about three weeks.

Mike McCulloch, Thomas P. Morris and George H. Decker, of Grayling, were guests of Mrs. Hanna, Tuesday.

Mrs. Albert Spangman of Flint is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. B. Scott, at the North Branch Outing club.

A special train will leave for W. B. Masson's store.

Frederic School Notes.
H. S. Masson has been elected as Grayling boys' club secretary.

Grayling boys' club were practicing in the gymnasium, Friday and Saturday. H. S. Masson is the coach.

The boys' club of Grayling will have a stand with the weathered sign, "Grayling Boys' Club," at the fair, May 1st.

W. B. Masson is the coach of the Grayling boys' club.

C. S. Barden is the coach of the Grayling boys' club.

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WANTS

Advertisements will be accepted under this heading at the rate of 5 cents per line. No ad. taken for less than 15 cents. There are no ads. taken for less than 15 cents. SEND MONEY WITH THE ORDER.

WANTED—An energetic active man to establish permanent business. Whole or part time. Health and accident insurance. Immediate cash returns and future. Address: National Casualty Co., Detroit, Mich.

FOR SALE—One good second hand river boat, \$10.00. Six 1 acre building lots, on main stream of Ausable River (north side) where stream touches its most Northern point, (see map) 1/2 mile below Stephan's bridge on Sec. 4, T. 26 N., R. 2 W. Only 40 minutes drive to Grayling by auto. fine high sites, good fishing, waters, also have one 40-acre tract on Sec. 10, T. 26 N., R. 2 W. with a fine building site. Tract well covered with timber, only 30 minutes drive to Grayling by auto. Inquire of Henry Stephan, Grayling, Mich. Box 16, 5-4-3.

FOR SALE—House and lot, two doors from Dr. Insley's on Peninsula avenue. G. W. Hely.

FOR SALE—Cream separator and humble chum. Phone 321. John A. Johnson. 4-27-2.

GIRL WANTED—To help in boarding house. Miss Edith Ballard, Phone 1004. 4-28-2.

WANTED—Assistant Boy Scout master. Apply to Emerson Bates or L. C. Bangard. 4-20-3.

FOR SALE—One small cream separator, one mowing machine, one hay rake, one Milburn wagon (heavy), practically new, and two plows. Address Mrs. R. S. Babbitt, Grayling, Mich. P. O. box 3. 4-13-3.

GIRL WANTED—for general housework. Inquire or phone—Avalanche office.

FOR SALE—Good work horse, weight 1100. Will work single or double, nine years old. Phone 204. Frank Freedland. 4-20-3.

EGGS FOR HATCHING—from my prize-winning Barred Plymouth Rocks. Come in and look them over and book your order. Phone 713. J. M. Danting.

Whooping Cough.
One of the most successful preparations in use for this disease is Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. S. W. McClintock, Randolph Springs, Ala., writes: "I have had whooping cough as bad as most any baby could have it. I gave him Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and it soon got him well." Obtainable everywhere.

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Present, J. Wellington Batterson, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Christopher Hanson, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that four months from the 1st day of April A. D. 1916, have been allowed for creditors to present their claims against said estate, and to file for examination and allowance or disallowance and for the payment of said claims, in the village of Grayling, in said county, on or before the 1st day of August A. D. 1916, and no claims will be received after that date.

Witness my hand and seal of said court, this 1st day of May A. D. 1916.

J. WELLINGTON BATTERSON, Judge of Probate.

Notice.
The owner or owners of any and all interests in or liens upon the land herein described:

Shall be notified to appear before the probate court of said county, on the 1st day of August A. D. 1916, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause why the same should not be sold to satisfy the claims of the creditors of the estate of Christopher Hanson, deceased.

The probate court of said county, on the 1st day of April A. D. 1916, has allowed four months from the 1st day of April A. D. 1916, for creditors to present their claims against said estate, and to file for examination and allowance or disallowance and for the payment of said claims, in the village of Grayling, in said county, on or before the 1st day of August A. D. 1916, and no claims will be received after that date.

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Notice.
The owner or owners of any and all interests in or liens upon the land herein described:

1878

1916

The Pioneer Store

First Class Goods. Right Prices.

Always Our Motto.

We are Headquarters for

Groceries and Provisions

Dry Goods,

Furnishing Goods,

Shoes, Hardware,

Flour, Feed,

Logs, Lumber,

Shingles,

Building Material

of every kind

Seeds GARDEN and FIELD SEEDS of all kinds.

Farm Produce

BOUGHT AT

Highest Market Price

Salling, Hanson Co.

Auto Contest
Standing

Contestants	Ask your grocer for votes on
Kenneth Neffe 20,200	
Ruby Dyer 19,000	
George Hodge 16,400	
Lillian Williams 5,000	
Bonnie Decker 3,685	Made Clean
Cleaves Hare 4,220	Baked Clean
Romain Charon 355	Delivered Clean
Jay Corwin 800	IS CLEAN
Ruth Laffave 320	YOU CAN TASTE THE DIFFERENCE

Model Bakery and Grocery

THE HOME OF PLURTY AND QUALITY

Slate Surface
Shingles

The Economical Shingles to put on your house. Lasts longer and looks better.

I can supply your wants at LOWER PRICES than any other dealer in the city.

Phone 1163, or come and see me.

N. H. Nielsen

IF YOU ARE DEAF READ THIS

Lip Reading teaches "the eye to hear." This study is easily acquired through our complete Correspondence Course. By learning to read the speaker's lips you can again enjoy the comforts of conversation without embarrassment—throw away all mechanical hearing devices and re-enter society.

A good Lip Reader seldom hears deafness to a stranger.
Write for Free Booklet.
SCHOOL OF LIP LANGUAGE, KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

Place an Ad. Here and Watch Results

Ice Cream== Confectionery

This is the most cheerful spot in town—the most popular spot in town, and our ice cream is the most delicious in town.

Everybody comes here and everybody knows they can meet their friends here.

They all like our ice cream, chocolates, candies, fountain drinks and other confections.

A. M. LEWIS, YOUR DRUGGIST

Local News

GRAYLING, THURSDAY, MAY 4

Take that watch to Hathaway. He will make it keep correct time.

Miss Agnes Hanson of Mt. Pleasant is visiting her parents in this city.

Clarence Claggett and family of Johannesburg are moving from that town to Custer, Ohio.

Mrs. Samuel Kestenholtz and little son, Lynn, have returned from a week's visit with her parents near Roscommon.

Base ball Friday, May 5th. Grayling High school vs Grayling High school. Game called at 3:30. Admission 15 and 25 cents.

The Mercy hospital aid will meet with Mrs. Hans Petersen next Thursday afternoon, May 11. Mrs. Petersen and Mrs. L. J. Kraus will entertain.

Grand Secretary Fred A. Rogers of the I. O. O. F. was a pleasant caller at this office today. Mr. Rogers is editor and publisher of the Reading Hustler, Reading, Mich.

The regular meeting of the M. E. Ladies' aid will meet at the home of Mrs. George Smith Friday afternoon, May 5. Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Phelps and Mrs. Heath will entertain.

Misses Eloise Berry and Dorothy Boehringer of Bay City were guests of Miss Mildred Bunting a couple of days last week, and attended the Masonic ball last Wednesday evening.

Dr. O. Palmer and T. W. Hanson of this city and L. A. Gardner of Frederic, represented Crawford county as delegates to the State Republican convention held in Lansing yesterday.

Grayling Lodge K. of P. will hold a big meeting and banquet at their lodge rooms, Friday evening of this week. There will be initiatory work in the third rank. Members please be present.

The annual tax sales for Crawford county were held at the Court house first of the week and practically every description, \$31 in all, were sold. There were quite a number of bidders present at the sessions.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Smith of Roscommon, Miss Mottie Johnson of Saginaw, Messrs. Fred Martin of Reed City and Russell Jameson of Gaylord, Mrs. John Carlson and Mrs. Carlson of Bay City were among those from out-of-town, who attended the Masonic ball here last Wednesday evening.

The Mothers' and patrons' meeting for the month of May will be held in the school house next Tuesday evening, May 9th at 7:15 o'clock. An interesting program has been arranged for this evening, and it is hoped that all mothers of young boys and girls will attend, as well as all ladies, who are interested in the moral, social and civic conditions of Grayling.

Hungry People

Try our high grade Flour and Corn Meal. Nothing better ground. Our Rice is very fine and free from impurities. Everybody likes it.

Everybody likes our brands of Tea and Coffee, very high grade and sold very cheap.

Try our splendid line of Canned Goods. Made from the best grade of fruits, and very delicious.

We just know you will be delighted with our bottled goods—Olives, Pickles, everything your mind can conceive.

Fresh Vegetables Arrive Every Tuesday and Friday

DeWaele & Son
GROCERS

The Home of Good Things to Eat

Nels Corwin is in Detroit this week on business.

Miss Alice Brink of Bay City spent the latter part of last week here visiting friends.

Why be without a timepiece. You can get one of Hathaway on time, if you cannot pay cash.

Rev. Mitchell preached a special sermon to the Odd Fellows at Mio Wednesday of last week.

Wall paper and paint from factory to you—Get our prices before buying. Sorenson Bros.

Charlie Shotts, newly elected highway commissioner of Beaver Creek, was a pleasant caller at this office Tuesday.

Dr. C. R. Keyport has purchased the Will Havens lots on Peninsular avenue and intends to build a house thereon soon.

Ges. Lather and wife of Traverse City were in the city last of last week, the former attending the opening hotel banquet.

Anyone having old newspapers and magazines are requested to notify some member of the Ladies Aid society, and they will be called for.

Read "The Red Circle" in the Avalanche, beginning with this issue and then go to the Opera house next Monday night and see the pictures.

The Local Order of Moose will give card and dancing party at their lodge rooms tonight—Thursday. All members and their ladies are invited.

Mrs. J. B. Woodburn returned from Eaton Rapids, Tuesday where she had been visiting a sister. She left last fall and has been spending the time in Indianapolis, Ind., Detroit and other cities.

O. F. Barnes, chairman of the State Tax Commission, and the members of the County Board of supervisors were guests of County Clerk J. J. Niederger at a dinner party at Shoppenagon's Inn last night.

The Royal Cafe has been nicely interior painted. The counter has been moved to the west side of the room to make space for a new soda fountain.

The culinary department has been moved back a notch.

Mrs. Raleigh K. Stitt of Mackinaw arrived Wednesday to spend a few days here—the guest of friends.

Mrs. Stitt was formerly Miss Emma Moellmann of Montague, who recently taught in our schools.

Mrs. Tittle Sparks of Galesburg, Illinois, is visiting her brother, John Larson and family. Mrs. Sparks came to care for Mrs. Larson, who was quite seriously ill, but who is now on the road to recovery.

Eleven candidates took the teachers' examination at the court house last week, which were being conducted by School Commissioner James A. Kalahar, Supt. A. A. Ellsworth and Mrs. Gertrude Peterson. There were 11 contestants, one for 1st grade, four for 2nd grade and six for 3rd grade.

Grand Master Robt. E. Newville and Grand Secretary Fred A. Rogers of the grand jurisdiction of Michigan, held a school of instruction at the I. O. O. F. lodge rooms last evening.

There was a very good turnout of local Oddfellows, besides several from Lewistown were present. The Rebekah ladies were invited and refreshments were served. A splendid evening was enjoyed by all.

There was a fair attendance at the musical entertainment given by the ladies of the G. A. R. at the School auditorium Tuesday night. The ladies cleared about \$19 which will be used toward the expenses of Memorial day. The entertainment was greatly enjoyed altho rather too long, considering the many little school children who had to be kept up until after 10:00 o'clock, causing many sleepy eyes in school the next day.

The last meeting of the Ladies Bridge club was held at the Social club rooms, Wednesday afternoon. The following officers for next year were elected: Pres.—Mrs. Henry Bauman; Vice Pres.—Mrs. A. M. Lewis; Sec. and Treas.—Mrs. Marjorie Hanson.

At six o'clock a fine hot luck supper was served to which the gentlemen were invited. The prizes for this series were won by Mrs. O. P. Schumann and Mrs. Abraham Joseph.

The base ball season opened in Grayling last Friday, when the local and Frederic high school teams crossed bats on the home lot. Both teams grabbed a score in the first frame and in the fourth the visitors annexed one and Grayling three. The game stood 7 to 5 in Grayling's favor, in the beginning of the ninth inning, but Frederic got busy and tallied three more. Grayling tried to rally and save the game but were unable to annex a single tally. Karpus and Doroh were on the firing line for Grayling and Johnson and Wilcox for Frederic. Our team will play Gaylord here Friday afternoon.

On Wednesday, May 10th, the Good fellowship club will entertain all the Women's clubs between West Branch and Gaylord inclusive, the occasion being a reciprocal day. Between sixty and seventy club women from out of town have accepted the invitation, besides the twenty-four members of the recently organized Women's club of this city. Features of the day will be an auto ride to points of interest around Grayling, a banquet at Shoppenagon's Inn, and a stereopticon lecture in the high school auditorium by James McGillivray, member of the Public Domain Commission and leader of the boy scouts of Michigan, on "Conservation." The lecture is free to the public, excluding children under ten, unaccompanied by parents. Mr. McGillivray carries a valuable set of slides and his lecture is a treat.

You may be next! Why don't you buy some Fire Insurance?

GEO. L. ALEXANDER & SON.

There will be a dancing and card party given by the Loyal Order of Moose at their lodge rooms, Thursday evening, May 4th. The members are cordially invited to come and bring their ladies. Light refreshments will be served.

The responsible position of toastmaster at the hotel banquet was most cleverly handled by T. W. Hanson, who seemed to say just the right thing about each speaker. This added greatly to the success of the program.

It was a hearty gathering and not a thing occurred that might have marred or caused disappointment. Our friends from Bay City all speak in the highest terms of the good time they had while here and declare that we hadn't overlooked a single detail. And we can truly say that we felt honored by their presence and had a right royal time as well as they, and hope they will want to come again.

The mission at St. Mary's church is attracting very large crowds, the church being packed at every service. Father Kirkileet, the Norbertine missionary, is conducting the mission and also the question box. His lucid explanations of the doctrines of the church and also its practices are greatly appreciated by the large audiences of Catholics and Non-Catholics. Next Sunday evening the mission will come to a close. The services will begin at 7:30 p. m. and the closing sermon will be "Why I am a Catholic." All are cordially invited to attend all the mission services.

The County Board of Supervisors met in session yesterday afternoon at the request of the State Tax commission and were addressed by their chairman, O. F. Barnes. The latter instructed specifically that it was the desire of the State commission that all property in the state be assessed at cash value, based upon a general selling price. He gave the supervisors some good suggestions as to ways and means for determining values. Considerable discussion ensued, after Mr. Barnes had closed his remarks, and many points that had been agitating the minds of some of the supervisors, were made plain. The cash value of a piece of property cannot rightly be determined by the cost price, the price some person might be willing to pay for special or personal reasons nor by the price received from forced or quick sale. The Majestic Temple of Detroit cannot be erected any cheaper in Grayling than in Detroit yet the value in Grayling for such a structure would not be 25% of what it is in Detroit. The difference in value of a lot in a desirable residence district and an undesirable residence district may be \$200, and with identical houses built upon such lots the value of the property in the desirable district would be more than the difference in the price of the lots. This it may be seen according to a ruling of the Supreme court, that the cost does not regulate the general selling price. Nor does the earning power of a piece of property determine its true cash value. A meat market, by virtue of the perishableness of its produce, carries a comparatively small stock while a dry goods store perhaps carries many times the value in merchandise. The market may earn just as much money as the other store yet they cannot be taxed for stock they do not own. Mr. Barnes says that the general selling price alone should govern the true cash value.

Mrs. J. J. Hathaway is getting along very nicely as the results of an operation and will be able to leave the hospital tomorrow.

Henry Spitzer of Moorestown and Alex Lawton of Ward's farm Frederic, were dismissed last week, both feeling very well again.

C. W. Smith of Riverview, who entered the hospital last Friday seriously ill, is not improving very fast.

John Mercier, who is at the hospital with a broken scapula, is doing very well.

Harry Grover of Riverview, who has been receiving medical treatment, is improving.

Mrs. Michael Shields of Gaylord was admitted last week suffering with a broken arm. Mrs. Mark Demorest, also of Gaylord, is feeling much better this week.

Mrs. Caroline Leibitzke and baby boy of Waters, are doing very well.

Freil Rase of Gaylord is improving slowly.

Levi Abbott is at the hospital with blood poisoning in one of his hands. The affected part is healing up very nicely.

Mrs. Reagan and little daughter, Elaine, and Mrs. Brady and little son, Paul Vincent, are all doing very nicely.

Elmer Baker of the South side is doing nicely as the result of an operation for appendicitis performed last Saturday.

Mrs. Catherine Leskos of the South side is improving slowly.

Miss Emma Woodman of Milwaukee who underwent an operation a short time ago, will again be able to be dismissed.

Mrs. Adolph Charron underwent an operation Tuesday of last week and is getting along very well.

Frank Drzewski of R. Hanson & Sons, Gaylord, is improving slowly.

Miss Lois Larive, who has been in a serious condition for several days with fever, is much better today.

Fred Bischoff of Michigan Lumber Co., Alpena, is doing very well, as is also Harold Zimmerman of Gaylord.

Mrs. C. L. Anderson of Ewen, underwent an operation last Saturday and is getting along nicely as the results.

Special Values in Middy Blouses

If you want to see new styles in Middies visit our store. All sizes at 75c to \$1.50

Ladies' Wash Skirts \$1.50 to \$6.00

Ladies' Summer Underwear	Men's Summer Underwear	Spring Line of Shirts for Men
Gauze Vests 10c to 50c	A complete line in union or two-piece.	Is now complete
Union Suits 25c, 50c, \$1.00.	Union Suits 50c to \$2.50	Work Shirts in a variety of patterns and colors, cut full and made well, 50c.
Also showing Kayser Silk Vests and Corset Covers.	B. V. D., Porosknit and Balbriggan.	Dress Shirts 50c to \$2.00.
	Two-piece garments at 25c and 50c.	

Our line of Work Shoes are fully warranted. Every pair solid. \$1.98 to \$3.75.

See our line of MEN'S SILK HATS at 50c.

Grayling Mercantile Co.

"The Quality Store."

SAY THEY HAD GOOD TIME IN GRAYLING.

Grayling Board of Trade Invited to Visit Bay City.

A letter received from Secy McCabe of the Bay City Board of commerce says that they had a good time here Thursday and extends an invitation to our Board to return their visit.

We believe the letter is of general interest to the people of Grayling and therefore take the liberty to publish it in its entirety.

Mr. O. P. Schumann, Grayling, Mich.

Accept our congratulations on the splendid trip on our excursion. We highly appreciate the very kind words you printed about us and I wish you would thank the members of the Grayling Board of Trade publicly for their hospitality. From the time we landed in Grayling until the train pulled out there was not a dull moment and everyone who attended speaks in the highest terms of your cordial treatment.

We are extending an invitation today to the Grayling Board of Trade to pay us a return visit at any time to suit their convenience, the sooner the better. We are very anxious to reciprocate for the many favors you extended us in Grayling. With best wishes, we remain,

Yours very truly,
Bay City Board of Commerce,
J. C. McCabe, Sec'y.

O. E. Sovereign, president of the Bay City Board of commerce, also had some nice things to say for Grayling and the Avalanche. We know that our people are just as pleased to have their home newspaper appreciated as is its publisher and we believe that they should also be privileged to read Mr. Sovereign's letter.

Mr. O. P. Schumann, Edr.
Grayling, Mich.

Permit me to congratulate you upon the enterprise of your organization in producing such a splendid issue. It was worthy of the efforts of any metropolitan paper and surely reflected credit upon itself, as well as the city of Grayling.

I am sure that I never participated in any happier or more successful event and I can say the same thing for every Bay Cityan present.

With best wishes for the continued progress and prosperity of Grayling, I am, cordially yours,
O. E. Sovereign.

South Side.

Tony Mier of Rose City drove up in his car Sunday, to visit at the home of Roy Wolcott. His wife, who has been visiting here since Easter, returned home with him.

James Carrievau and family moved to Frederic, Tuesday.

Mrs. James Atherton is helping to care for Mrs. John Larson on the north side.

Mrs. Willard Adams is quite ill at this writing.

Box Social

Ladies bring your lunch for two and rather at Johnson's dance hall, next Monday evening at 7:00 o'clock. Gent's bring your money. Benefit of Victrola fund for South Side school. Prepare for a good time.


JAM! JAM! JAM!

We have it pure and free from adulteration. Nothing in it but Pure Fruit and Sugar.

This week we are making a specialty on Strawberry and Raspberry and have other flavors coming consisting of Blackberry, Peach, Apricot and Pineapple. Order a jar today, just the thing for cake filling, makes a good spread for bread. The kiddies all rave over it. 15 cents per pound.

When it is bought at Petersen's it is right

H. PETERSEN, The store that gives Quality, Service & Price



BLACK CAT
WALL PAPER
1916
ASK FOR THIS BOOK OF LATEST WALL PAPER SAMPLES AT OUR STORE
CAN'T BE BEAT

Sorenson Brothers

The Home of Dependable Furniture

The Crawford Avalanche

Crawford County's Home Paper

Our advertisements bring results

The Red Circle

by Albert Payson Terhune
AUTHOR OF "THE FIGHTER," "CALEB CONOVER," "SYRIA FROM THE SADDLE," ETC.
NOVELIZED FROM THE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME BY WILL M. RITCHIEY.

FIRST INSTALLMENT NEVERMORE!

"If you feel a craving to call me names," Max Lamar used to say, "call me a horse-thief or a mental error or even a dove of peace. But unless you want to start trouble, don't call me a detective. I'm not a detective. I am a crime specialist."

He had served for years on the city's crack central office detective squad. Then, while he was still under thirty, he had laid down enough money and laid up enough reputation to leave the force and go into business for himself.

In his office sat Lamar, one spring morning trying to coax a sulky cigar into good behavior and, between puffs, dictating a letter to Edith Hayes, his stenographer.

A clerk hurried in from the ante-room, had a special delivery letter on his chief's desk and vanished again into his own domain. At sight of the envelope's handwriting, some of the unusual fangings left Lamar's face and manner. At a glance down the single official sheet of paper as he ripped it from the envelope, the very last trace of indignation was gone.

"Miss Hayes," he said, "the ball game to day will lack its most ardent fan. And never mind missing the letter. I'll have to get out of here in ten minutes. I've got to go to prison."

"Mr. Lamar," stammered the girl, "I still too new in my employer's service to know when he is in earnest."

"It is true," he answered, "listen to this."

He picked up the note and read aloud:

"Mr. Max Lamar, Crime Specialist."

"My dear Max, 'Circle' Jim Borden goes free again at noon today. Since you entered private practice I have no one familiar with the methods of this master crook. Please keep an eye on him."

RANDOLPH ALLEN,
Chief of Police.

"I don't understand," said the stenographer. "If you're in business for yourself, why should the chief of police be giving you orders?"

"He isn't," he said, "giving me a chance. A chance he knows I'll be willing to pay for with a couple of my eye-teeth."



He Pushed the Panting Ted Through This Opening.

That's why he wrote to me. Old 'Circle' Jim is my quarry. I've landed him three times for the chief and it looks as if I were going to make it a fourth. Jim can't keep out of jail. Because he can't keep out of crime. And he can't keep out of crime on account of the Red Circle."

"The Red Circle," she echoed. "A circle of anarchists?"

"No. A circle of Jim Borden's. A circle on the back of his right hand. A circle he gets his nickname from. A red birthmark, like a hoop or ring, in the flesh of the hand. Sometimes it hardly shows. Sometimes it blazes an angry crimson."

"But what has a birthmark got to do with his being a criminal?" asked the puzzled girl. "I don't see."

"Neither do I. But it's true. I've heard some sort of a rumormongering about this birthmark running through his family ever so far back, and that whenever it appears it's a sign of a criminal. All nonsense, perhaps. I don't know. But I do know that old 'Circle' Jim Borden is one of the craftiest, most inveterate criminals in this state. And it's out of prison it means trouble to the whole community. There was a yarn at headquarters that the old fox has a hiding place some-

where in town that no outsider was ever able to find. It may be worth hunting for. He has a son, too, knocking around the city. A cheap tough, of the cigarette-eating type. I suppose he's arranged to meet him. He'll bear watching, too, now that his old man's out."

Max Lamar was not the prison's only voluntary guest that noon. The grim old archway leading to hopelessness was graced by the presence of two women who were frequent and welcome visitors to the place. June Travis and her sweet-faced mother.

June was a girl of rare beauty, both of soul and of face. Impatient at the idle, futile life of the girls in her own walk of life, she had chosen to change much of her comfortable leisure into toil in behalf of released prisoners.

Jim Borden's sentence was to expire at noon. So noon found her and her mother in the warden's office, awaiting the convict's appearance.

The door of the warden's office opened. A keeper stepped into the room, ushering in a square-built man of fifty.

The man with the keeper was clad in an ill-fitting suit of gray, bearing in its every badly cut line the unmistakable signs of prison-made.

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The man with the keeper was clad in an ill-fitting suit of gray, bearing in its every badly cut line the unmistakable signs of prison-made.

Yet, in that heavy face were marks of intellect, character, power. At sight of him, June's heart gave a queer little throb. She did not know why.

The warden rose to his feet, smiling, and stretching out his hand to the newcomer.

"Good-by, Jim," he said, pleasantly. "I hope you're going to take a brace this time. You can do it, if you try. There's plenty of chance for you yet."

"This professionally cheerful voice gradually died away, and his outstretched hand dropped to his side, as he saw the sullen contempt in the convict's sunken eyes."

"Circle" Jim said no word in reply. He made no move to accept the proffered hand. Then as the warden seemed to speak the man turned to leave the room.

"Hold on, Jim," interposed the warden. "This young lady wants to speak to you."

"You are going to let me help you," she pleaded. "You are going to let me be of use to you—to be your friend?"

"Friend?" grimly repeated Borden, the "pistol" rasp making his deep voice sound as though it meant only, "Friend? Hell!"

"But I want to help you!" she urged, undaunted. "I want you to make a man of yourself. It is not too late. If set on your own sake, then for your wife's."

"A woman of your twisted heavy features. But at once he regained control of himself.

"My wife," he said, shortly, "is dead."

"Oh, I'm so sorry! so sorry," said June in quick sympathy. "But—surely—you have someone—some daughter—or son—for whose sake you can live honestly. Some son, perhaps, for whom you can set a splendid example of manhood—of—"

"Circle" Jim shook away her gentle hand, in a violent shudder. Then he bolted from the room, pushing past the keeper who, after an inquiring glance at the warden, let him go.

"You see how it is, Miss Travis," began the warden.

But June was not there. She had begun the retreating convict. Mrs. Travis, worried at her daughter's impetuous pursuit of such a hopeless case, bade the warden good-by and followed.

Meantime, as a guard threw open the gate leading from the prison to the street outside, June caught up with Borden.

"I hurt your feelings. I'm afraid," she apologetically said, as he paused a moment, irresolute, on the pavement. "But I didn't mean to. Honestly, I didn't. And I'm sorry. Please forgive me, Mr. Borden. I know how bitterly you must feel toward everyone. But I do want you to let me do something for you. If it angers you to have me talk to you, won't you at least take this, to help you along until you can find steady work?"

As she spoke, she drew from her wrist a little roll of bills, and thrust them into the convict's calloused left hand.

The well-meant act scoured Borden, from contemptuous apathy, into flaming rage. His gnarled fist gripped tight on the money, crushing it to a wad. Then he flung it to the pavement and turned sharply away.

Again the girl sought to detain him. At her touch he whirled savagely upon her, his lips drawn back from his yellowed teeth; his left fist clenched and half-raised, as if to strike.

This was too much for the chivalrous gate-guard. He flung himself upon Borden, catching the upraised arm and thrusting him back from the frightened girl. The thrust sent "Cir-

cus" Jim sprawling against a clean-cut young man who had just rounded the corner toward the gate.

"Scuse me, Mr. Lamar," began the guard. "He—"

Jim had recovered his balance and, disregarding the others, strode toward June, muttering angry incinerations. Lamar, in one double gesture, slipped his own athletic body between the two and drew a revolver from his hip pocket.

He leveled the weapon at Borden who instinctively threw up his hands. As he did so, the guard pinioned him from behind.

"Here," said Lamar, briskly, as he pocketed the revolver and pulled out a pair of shining little handcuffs. "Help me put these on him."

"Not! Not!" begged June. "It was my fault. Please let him go. Please do!"

Lamar shrugged his shoulders.

"Turn him loose," he ordered the guard.

And "Circle" Jim scuttled off, down the street, like a bullet-ridden wolf. Lamar turned to June, raising his soft hat.

"I hope he didn't frighten you," he said. "Really, you shouldn't have interceded for him, just now. If you had let us arrest him—"

"I'm glad I didn't," she made answer. "And thank you for coming to my aid, Mr. Lamar. Oh, here is my mother. I want you to meet her."

As Lamar helped the two ladies into their car, a few minutes later, he had the joy of hearing June say:

"Won't you come and see us—and tell us more about your work?"

"Spitting some half-coherent reply, the usually cool-headed man stood staring in foolish happiness at the car."

With a start he came to himself. He had hastened to the prison to see "Circle" Jim Borden released, and to follow him. And all because of one girl—he had quite forgotten Jim's very existence—and had let him get clean away.

Ted Borden was out of a job. This was no novelty to him. Though he was barely twenty-two, this was the eighth position he had managed to lose. There were but three things on earth in which he had felt even a languid interest. These were cigarettes, ten-cent whisky and loafing.

This morning he had come to the factory two hours late. A little after noon he had secretly lighted a cigarette in the varnish room. The superintendent had caught him at it in time to avert a blaze, and had forthwith discharged him.

With half a week's pay in his pocket, considerably more than he had earned, Ted had had a vague idea of going to the ball game. Now that that was out of the question, he presently decided to loaf around to the square in front of the Chronicle office and watch the score.

Ted knew his father was a crook. And he had always resented Jim's efforts to keep him straight, deemed those pitiful attempts the acme of hypocrisy.

Ted had reached the square. He paused in the outer fringe of the throng that watched the baseball bulletins. His gaze fell on the portly meridian of the man standing next to him.

The man was staring ecstatically upward at the score board. His coat was open. From the pocket of his fluting waistcoat hung a jeweled watchfob.

Ted's mouth grew dry and his dull eyes brightened. Hot temptation gripped and shook him.

So intent did his every faculty all at once become that he did not hear a man come up behind him, halt abruptly and murmur his name.

"Out crept Ted's hand, nearer and nearer to the coveted watch. Now his fingertips had closed lovingly on the fob. Then, at the same time, two things happened.

The watch's owner felt the touch of the clumsy fingers, glanced downward, made a grab at the nicotine-stained digits and shouted, "Thief!"

On the same instant "Circle" Jim Borden (who had caught sight of his son

feet eight inches tall, and he was the only son and heir of the garbage-collector who lived two doors down the alley).

Spudsy had long ago discovered the unused old lumberyard, and had converted it into a pirate ship, with a pile of corner boards as quarter-deck.

This afternoon, as he paced his quarter-deck, growling merciless orders to his imaginary crew, Spudsy was suddenly aware of the two men who burst into the yard.

He saw the slender of the two men, a gray-haired, ghastly-faced old fellow—release the younger man whom he had been grasping by the collar. He saw the old fellow drop on his knees and dig in the timber debris like a dog that is digging for woodchucks.

He saw him push his hand downward into the mass of shavings and shingles and grope for something. Then he saw him lift a trapdoor, to whose top a coating of chips and sawdust—endless—adhered.

The man lifted the trapdoor part way, shoved the younger man in through the opening, crawled through it after him, and lowered the trapdoor above them so carefully that the scraps of wood were not disturbed.

Spudsy stared, goggle-eyed. Here was the most delightful mystery of the centuries. The woodyard was not only a pirate ship. It was a treasure cave as well. Cautiously he climbed down from the quarter-deck and made for the spot where the trapdoor had been raised and lowered. He bent over the trap, brushing away the concealing wood. Then he saw a shadow fall across the debris and he looked up. Over him stood a man—tall, well-dressed, his firm mouth just now smiling friendly down upon the cowering child.

"Digging for gold, Johnny?" he asked pleasantly, and at sound of the kind voice Spudsy's fright vanished.

"No, sir," answered the boy. "I'm just looking for the place where two men came up behind him, halt abruptly and murmur his name."

"Into the ground," responded Spudsy. "They beat it into here through that place in the fence an' one of 'em—an' old geezer with gray hair—he digs here a minute an' then he ups with a trapdoor an' down they scoots."

Max Lamar was on his knees, frantically pushing the chips and shingles to left and right.

"He boosts up the trap with his

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The Red Circle

Albert Payson Terhune

AUTHOR OF "THE FIGHTER," "CALEB CONOVER," "SYRIA FROM THE SADDLE," ETC.
NOVELIZED FROM PATHE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME BY WILL M. RITCHEY.

SYNOPSIS.

"Circle Jim" Borden, who derives his name from an angry red birthmark on the back of his right hand, is about to be released from prison after serving his third term. It is a matter of history that one member of every generation of the Borden family has been branded with the Red Circle birthmark and that member has always been a criminal. Jim and his wayward son, Ted Borden, are the only known living representatives of the Borden kin. Max Lamar, a detective, is detailed to keep an eye on "Circle Jim." June Travis and her mother, members of the wealthy set who are interested in the reform of ex-convicts, meet Borden as he is released. "Circle Jim" catches his son in the act of stealing. Realizing that his family is a menace to society, he enters the bedroom where Ted is sleeping and chances upon an underground business where "Circle Jim" has taken refuge and in a fight, Jim kills Ted. The Red Circle, says Lamar, but the next day he is accompanied by the vigilance committee, showing the Red Circle on the white flesh. Lamar scribbles down the number on the license plate.

SECOND INSTALLMENT

"PITY THE POOR!"

A fox, living in a forest full of rabbits, is likely to grow fat. George Grant dwelt in a community of human rabbits, men who needed money and needed it so badly that they were ready to pay any price to get it. Grant did not grow fat on their needs. But his bank account did.

He was the city's most prosperous loan broker, which meant he was also the city's most heartless loan shark. His offices were forever crowded with needy clients. His big desk was full of tabulated pigeonholes. And every pigeonhole was stacked with a pile of promissory notes, mortgages, of sight drafts, and similar sorry documents.

One day it was the same that Max Lamar caught his fleeting glance of the Red Circle on a woman's white hand, as a closed automobile whizzed past him—George Grant got up from this famous desk in his private office, stretched his lean arms lazily, and went into the adjoining room where stood his capacious steel vault.

Entering the vault and switching on the electric light, he began to search through the tiers of compartments along the rear wall. The paper he wanted was not easy to find, and his search continued for several minutes.

At last he discovered what he sought. Consulting the document, he made one or two notes from it on the back of an envelope, then switched off the light and turned to leave the vault.

But, instead of the sunshine from the office beyond, he faced black darkness. The vault door had been shut. So silently had it closed that, engrossed in his search, he had not observed it was no longer open.

Grant pushed against the steel door. It did not yield to the pressure. It had been shut tight.

Grant drew in a deep breath and shouted at the top of his lungs. The vault resounded deafeningly to his hollow, but the thick walls absorbed the sound.

Turning back into the vault and switching on the light once more, he pulled out a steel cashbox from its compartment and, using it as a bludgeon, began to hammer with desperate force on the unyielding door, punctuating his blows with shouts for help.

After an interminable time, a clerk—John Saals by name—who chanced to pass through the adjoining room, heard the sound.



The Veiled Woman.

close to the vault, heard a muffled tapping and paused to investigate. He called the cashier, who alone of the employees knew the vault's combination. The whole office force gathered inquisitively around the cashier as he unlocked and threw open the door. Out reeled Grant.

"Who did that?" he sputtered, hoarsely. "What fool shut that door on me? Speak up, or I'll fire the whole worthless bunch. Who did it?"

There was a confused mumbling from the scared employees. Grant's ratlike eyes searched every face. He read there nothing but blank bewilderment.

Still shaky in the knees from his

scare, he slumped into his desk chair. But, suddenly, as if the chair were upholstered with hornet-stings, he leaped to his feet again, with a yell that brought his employees in the outer offices crowding wonderingly to the door.

Papers were scattered in every direction, and drawers and pigeonholes were open—and empty! Fervently, Grant looked from pigeonhole to pigeonhole.

Every last one of them had been ransacked; and every document had been stolen from them! "Cleaned out!" croaked Grant, dazedly. "Robbed! I've—I've been robbed!"

"Which of you has been in this room in the last half hour?" he asked, unconcernedly as he could force his dry throat to voice the query.

For a moment no one answered. Then Saals timidly volunteered: "I was in here, sir, about twenty minutes ago. Maybe twenty-five minutes or—"

"What in blazes were you doing in here?"

"I just stepped inside the door, sir," quavered Saals. "To show in the lady."

"The lady?" snapped Grant. "What lady?"

"Why, why, the lady who had the appointment with you, sir. She said she'd meet you in the hall—and told her to wait in your own office."

"I haven't met any woman in the hall," denied Grant, "and I didn't tell anyone to wait here for me. What was her name?"

"She—she didn't say, sir. I supposed—"

"Young or old?" demanded Grant.

"I don't know, sir. She—"

"You walled-eyed idiot!" roared Grant. "I mean to tell me you haven't sense enough to know whether a woman is young or old?"

"Not when she's all swathed up in a heavy black veil, like that lady, sir," answered Saals, "and with a big, loose, black coat that hides her figure."

"I soon her, Mr. Grant," shrilled the office boy. "I didn't see her come in. But I seen her go out. 'Bout five minutes ago it was. She had a bunch of papers she was carrying."

Grant waited to hear no more. Snatching his hat, he sprinted for the street.

He had left his automobile at the curb in front of his office. Half-way across the pavement Grant halted, mouth ajar, the car was not there. Neither was the chauffeur.

George Grant turned in rage upon the building's special policeman who was standing in front of the entrance. "Blake!" he demanded, "where in blazes is my car? I told Garvie to stay here till I came out. Did you move him on?"

"Me?" said the policeman. "No, indeed. Someone else did, though. 'Bout five minutes back. A woman—"

"A woman?"

"In a long black coat and a black veil."

He summoned a passing taxi and tumbled aboard.

"Police headquarters!" he commanded.

Chief of Police Allen was always glad to see his former subordinate, Max Lamar. For a decade the two had been close friends. So it was with a nod of real welcome and a jolly word of greeting that he hailed Max, as the latter came excitedly into his office at about the time George Grant was boarding the taxi.

"What's up, Max?" asked the chief, noting his friend's unwonted haste and perturbation.

"Everything's up," put in Lamar. "The Red Circle, among other things."

"The Red Circle?" echoed Allen. "Why, man, the Red Circle's wiped off the books, for keeps."

"Not 'is.' It was. It's back again."

"What are you talking about? 'Circle Jim' Borden's dead. So is his son. Who else is left?"

"A woman."

"A woman? What woman?"

"I don't know."

"Jim left no daughter. Her wife died, years ago. You're dreaming. You've worked on this 'Red Circle' game so long, you're daffy over it."

"Am I?" retorted Lamar. "Ten minutes ago I saw the Red Circle. Saw it, as plain as I see you. A woman was sitting in a limousine. Her right hand was resting on the window ledge. And she'd taken off her glove. There, on the back of her hand, was the Red Circle. Before I could look any closer the car had speeded up and chugged out of sight. I took its number, just as it disappeared in a little mixture of gasoline smoke and yellow dust. Let me look over your state auto-license numbers."

"Here you are," said Allen, producing the book.

Unconsciously a man pushed his way past the doorkeeper and into the hallowed room of the chief of police. "Chief!" burst out Grant, "without so much as returning the other's salutation. 'I've been robbed! While I

was in my vault just now, the door was shut on me and a lot of notes of people who owe me money were stolen out of my desk."

"My clerk says he saw a veiled woman go into my office. She was seen coming out again with a handful of documents bound up in a rubber band. And when I went down to my car," he continued in mounting excitement, "she'd stolen that, too. And my chauffeur."

"What was the number?" asked the chief, taking out a pencil and drawing a scratch-pad toward him.

"The number of my car? It was 126,694."

"The device it was!" cried Lamar, dropping the license book and striding forward. Lamar produced a card and handed it to Chief Allen.

"That's the number I jotted down," he said. "The number of the car with the Red Circle woman in it."

"126,694!" read the chief.

"What's that? What's that?" demanded Grant eagerly.

Brusquely he snatched the card from the chief. It slipped from his awkward fingers as he grasped it, and fell to the floor beneath the window sill.

Grant stooped to pick it up. As he rose, his gaze fell on the busy street just outside, with its hurrying traffic on sidewalk and asphalt. At the same moment a big automobile wriggled out of a vehicle-jam and flashed past the window. Grant gave one incredulous look, then bawled:

"There's my car! There it is, now! See?"

"Come on!" exclaimed the chief as he bolted from the room with Lamar and Grant at his heels.

At the outer entrance of police headquarters a motor-cycle policeman was dismounting.

"Follow that car!" ordered the chief. "That limousine there. The number's 126,694. Get it!" In the alley at the side of police headquarters a departmental automobile was waiting. The chief gave a swift command to its drowsing chauffeur, then jumped into the tonneau, Lamar and Grant piling in after him.

A jump-time later, they had come to a jarring standstill alongside the automobile they sought. It was stand-



The Office Force Crowded Around While the Cashier Unlocked the Vault.

ing near the entrance of a small park. The chauffeur was in his seat, unconcerned as though in front of his own employer's door.

Lamar and the chief tumbled out of their car before it had fairly stopped, and they ran at top speed toward the captured limousine.

The tonneau of the limousine was empty.

Grant was dancing in fury and staring at his mild surprise.

"What d'ye mean by it?" he shrieked. "What'n blazes d'ye mean by it, Garvie?"

The chauffeur had been fumbling in his pocket. Now he produced a card, and sullenly handed it to his employer.

"There's your own orders," he growled.

Lamar, glancing over Grant's shoulder, saw the card was George Grant's own; and that on it, above the name, was scrawled in pencil:

O. K. Take bearings where she wishes.

"Well, I'll be—I'll be—" sputtered the bewildered Grant.

"Where is she? What became of her?" demanded Lamar.

"Which way did she go?" persisted Lamar.

"Down that path to the left. Funny business, I call it, to—"

Lamar had already started in the direction the chauffeur pointed out, and the chief and Grant ranged alongside of him as he strode along.

"Well, look down this path to the end," suggested the chief. "And then we'll separate and quarter the whole park for her. She may have left the park at the far side."

But the veiled woman in black had not left the park. She had merely left the park path and had crept into the shrubbery.

She sped along like a black wrath; noiseless, furtive, uncanby. Once she raised her right hand to part some bushes that barred her way. The hand was small, white, infinitely graceful in contour. But on its back throbbed an angry crimson scar; outlined like an irregular ring.

Through the high bushes she crept; and into a tiny glade hemmed in by shrubbery. There she halted. Deftly

she slipped out of the shapelessly enveloping black coat. The coat was lined with white satin. The woman's dress also was snow white. With quick skill, she proceeded to fold the coat inside out, in such way that no portion of the black was visible. Then she draped it carelessly over her white-sleeved arm.

Raising both hands to her head, she undid the thick black veil, took it off, rolled it into a ball and tossed it into the bushes.

A black-clad woman, shrouded in an impenetrable veil, had entered the thicket. Less than a minute later, a girl in white dress and white toque and carrying on her arm a white wrap, emerged upon the farther path, and sauntered in leisurely fashion toward the park's opposite entrance.

Once, she glanced nervously at the back of her right hand. But at once her frown of apprehension cleared away. The Red Circle had again become invisible.

Lamar, hastening along the path, with Grant and the chief, saw a beautiful girl, all in white, coming toward him around a bend in the walk. At a glance he recognized her.

"Miss Travis!" he exclaimed, clasping the white hand she held out to him. "This is good luck! I didn't know this park was a favorite walk of yours."

"Oh, but it is!" laughed June. "I love it. It's so quiet and pretty. But I didn't expect to find a busy detective wandering dreamily about in it."

"Crime specialist, please, Miss Travis," interrupted Lamar. "That is, if you don't mind. If you knew how I hate that word, 'detective'—"

She became aware of his companions, who stood a pace or two distant, fuming at the delay.

"I won't detain you, Mr. Crime Specialist," she said, gayly, adding, as she moved away: "But, don't forget, you promised to call and tell me about your work."

"Did you suppose I could forget it?" he made answer. "And may I call tomorrow afternoon? Are you going to be at home?"

"Why, yes. Please come then. Good-bye."

He turned and swaggered out of the room before the astounded Grant could so much as swear at him. The letter was typewritten and very brief. It ran:

Mr. Joseph Brown: The notes which you gave George Grant for a loan at outrageous interest rates have been destroyed. Therefore, your debt is cancelled.

One Who Pities the Poor.

Grant was still raging, wordlessly. When Saals came in to announce one John Peterson, an elderly, stout, shouldered man, who entered on the heels of his announcer.

"Mr. Grant," said the old man, offering the loan broker a letter. "This came by the morning mail. I thought it was only fair to show it to you."

Grant, his eyes blurred with fury, was barely able to note that this letter was a typewriter duplicate of Brown's.

"It's—it's a lie!" he stormed. "A trick! I have your notes safe in my desk here."

"I will take that chance, Mr. Grant," replied the old man, turning to go. "The loan broker lunched thirty minutes ago. Just then Saals intruded again."

"Mr. Grant," said the clerk, "there's seven or eight more people in the outer office; all of them with typewritten letters from—"

"Kick them out!" howled Grant. "In five minutes, he was bustling into a downtown office whose outer door-glass bore the legend:

"Max Lamar, crime specialist."

"Mr. Lamar," began Grant as soon as he could get his breath. "That veiled woman has cinched her theft by this—and this—slamming the door in front of me. Get her, for me. Get her. To blazes with the expense! Get her!"

June Travis emerged from her bedroom, heavy-eyed from sleeplessness, and in pretty negligee, entered her sitting room. Mary was standing there, awaiting her. June, as she had done since the birthday, went over to kiss the old woman good-morning. Then, and only then, did she notice that Mary made no move to meet her as she came forward; that she did not speak, and that her face was blank with grief.

"Why, Mary!" cried the girl. "What is it? What's the matter? Is Mother—?"

Mary cut short the queries by thrusting forward the charred promissory note.

"This is the matter," she said grimly. "Dearest, you must tell me what it means."

June stifled a little cry of fear, then hastily snatched the burnt paper from the nurse's hand and made as though to hide it.

"Tell me, dearest," murmured the old woman. "I'll tell me all about it. You are unhappy and you're prone into mischief. Tell Mary, little girl."

"I think I've gone mad," said June. "I can't understand it any other way. I can't account, any other way, for the fearful power that has taken hold of me, from time to time, this past day or two."

"It began just the other day," she whispered. "All in a flash. You remember, I told you about my going to the prison with mother, the day 'Circle Jim' Borden was released, and the way he repulsed me when I spoke to him?"

"Yes! Yes!" assented Mary, her

lined face paling and an unaccountable shudder convulsing her slender old body.

"Well," resumed June, "just a few hours after I left the prison, all at once I had the strangest sensation. It seemed to start in my brain and go all over me. It was as if something had snapped—in my soul. I can't explain it. And the strangest impulses came surging through my mind. I felt like a criminal!"

"Dearest!"

"I did, I felt as a criminal must feel. I felt a craving, to commit crime; a love for its perils, a hideous

piece of paper lying on the hearth. She picked it up. On the unburned half of the paper, she read:

Seven days from date, or—to pay George Grant ten—third installment on my loan of fifty—plus interest at the rate—per week. Total payment due \$15—Signed Jos. Bro—

Mary puzzled over the fragment in stark perplexity. To her, it meant nothing. And she could not understand how her darling should have happened to possess such a thing or why she had tried to burn it. But as she placed the morning newspaper on the table, for June a few minutes later, the old woman's gaze fell on these startling headlines:

VEILED WOMAN IN BLACK ROBBS LOAN BROKER GRANT Notes of Clients, Owing Money, Are Missing—Thief "Borrowed" Victim's Auto and Escapes.

Mary left the newspaper fall to the floor from her inert hand. Again she examined the charred note. And now she knew what it was.

Mr. George Grant had come late to his office that morning. He was in the sort of humor that makes a poisonous snake bite itself and die.

There was but one gleam of comfort in Grant's sour heart this bright morning. And that was his belief that the men whose names were signed to the missing documents would not know of the theft.

The task of bluffing these poor delinquents promised to be absurdly easy. And presently, as he sat morbidly gazing over such stanzas, Grant's first opportunity came. A note was brought in to him. Joseph Brown had called, begging for a word alone with him. Grant smiled happily.

"Tell him to come in," said Grant, cheerfully, as the caller was announced. Brown came into the inner office, clad in his working clothes. Generally on such visits, he paused at the threshold and anxiously waited his master's leave to advance toward the desk.

But today he walked confidently up to Grant, his tanned face one broad grin. Without troubling to say "Good morning," he handed Grant a folded letter. Then:

"That's all," he remarked. "Bye-bye, you shiny old money spider. I'm out of your dirty net—for keeps."

He turned and swaggered out of the room before the astounded Grant could so much as swear at him. The letter was typewritten and very brief. It ran:

Mr. Joseph Brown: The notes which you gave George Grant for a loan at outrageous interest rates have been destroyed. Therefore, your debt is cancelled.

One Who Pities the Poor.

Grant was still raging, wordlessly. When Saals came in to announce one John Peterson, an elderly, stout, shouldered man, who entered on the heels of his announcer.

"Mr. Grant," said the old man, offering the loan broker a letter. "This came by the morning mail. I thought it was only fair to show it to you."

Grant, his eyes blurred with fury, was barely able to note that this letter was a typewriter duplicate of Brown's.

"It's—it's a lie!" he stormed. "A trick! I have your notes safe in my desk here."

"I will take that chance, Mr. Grant," replied the old man, turning to go. "The loan broker lunched thirty minutes ago. Just then Saals intruded again."

"Mr. Grant," said the clerk, "there's seven or eight more people in the outer office; all of them with typewritten letters from—"

"Kick them out!" howled Grant. "In five minutes, he was bustling into a downtown office whose outer door-glass bore the legend:

"Max Lamar, crime specialist."

"Mr. Lamar," began Grant as soon as he could get his breath. "That veiled woman has cinched her theft by this—and this—slamming the door in front of me. Get her, for me. Get her. To blazes with the expense! Get her!"

June Travis emerged from her bedroom, heavy-eyed from sleeplessness, and in pretty negligee, entered her sitting room. Mary was standing there, awaiting her. June, as she had done since the birthday, went over to kiss the old woman good-morning. Then, and only then, did she notice that Mary made no move to meet her as she came forward; that she did not speak, and that her face was blank with grief.

"Why, Mary!" cried the girl. "What is it? What's the matter? Is Mother—?"

Mary cut short the queries by thrusting forward the charred promissory note.

"This is the matter," she said grimly. "Dearest, you must tell me what it means."

June stifled a little cry of fear, then hastily snatched the burnt paper from the nurse's hand and made as though to hide it.

"Tell me, dearest," murmured the old woman. "I'll tell me all about it. You are unhappy and you're prone into mischief. Tell Mary, little girl."

"I think I've gone mad," said June. "I can't understand it any other way. I can't account, any other way, for the fearful power that has taken hold of me, from time to time, this past day or two."

"It began just the other day," she whispered. "All in a flash. You remember, I told you about my going to the prison with mother, the day 'Circle Jim' Borden was released, and the way he repulsed me when I spoke to him?"

"Yes! Yes!" assented Mary, her

lined face paling and an unaccountable shudder convulsing her slender old body.

"Well," resumed June, "just a few hours after I left the prison, all at once I had the strangest sensation. It seemed to start in my brain and go all over me. It was as if something had snapped—in my soul. I can't explain it. And the strangest impulses came surging through my mind. I felt like a criminal!"

"Dearest!"

"I did, I felt as a criminal must feel. I felt a craving, to commit crime; a love for its perils, a hideous

piece of paper lying on the hearth. She picked it up. On the unburned half of the paper, she read:

Seven days from date, or—to pay George Grant ten—third installment on my loan of fifty—plus interest at the rate—per week. Total payment due \$15—Signed Jos. Bro—

Mary puzzled over the fragment in stark perplexity. To her, it meant nothing. And she could not understand how her darling should have happened to possess such a thing or why she had tried to burn it. But as she placed the morning newspaper on the table, for June a few minutes later, the old woman's gaze fell on these startling headlines:

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Mary Was Standing There, Awaiting Her.

crafty wit at escaping the law's punishment. It

